



# I want YOU for the Imperial Guard!



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## Chapter 1 by GeneralSh

Standing at the recruiting table, you pace nervously. This decision has been tugging at you for months. To serve in the Imperial Guard is a choice you don't make lightly. Someone once said the average lifespan of one of the untold Billions of soldiers on the battlefield is about ten minutes. That person was later beheaded for suspected heresy.

This life, this time, it's not like it used to be. We're at war with dozens of alien races, and chaotically possessed humans, and demons, and even ourselves. We're holding them off, but for how long? Everyone has their eye on the human race; we were the crown jewel of the galaxy. But now, we're barely alive on our feet, so to speak. Which is why I'm joining as a heavy weapons officer. The bigger the gun, the longer you survive, right?

The recruiters did a double take when they saw me. I hope that was for a good reason. There were five different recruiters, all looking at me.

One of them was wearing green camo Kevlar, with combat boots, trousers, a camo thermal shirt, and a protective helmet. He was the first, speaking in plain, but accented english.

"hev mate, join the Cadian Guard. Be right in the front lines, yeah? Right up against the worst of the worst with the best of the best. Not to mention the pay. The pay's unbelievable. And I promise ya, ya remains WILL be safe. Whataya say?"

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which was hooked to his belt. He has three different knives strapped to his belt, too.

"Ey, join the Armageddon. We need's toughies like you ta win this war. If we don'na, we lose a whole damned space sect'er! Imagine, losin' all this and mor'! So join aus, righ'?"

The third and fourth were busy with another, giant person, who seemed to only speak in short, nearly unintelligible statements. An orgryn. I didn't know they lived on this planet.

The fifth, though, didn't seem to make an effort either way. And I have to say, I'm almost glad he isn't after me. This one's wearing an elaborate and detailed, but definitely effective suit of Kevlar under-armor, with an even more decorated black leather trench coat over him. He's carrying full battle gear, which included what looked to be a ceremonial sword on his hip, two las-pistols, a las-gun, three grenade, and other odd tools, including a Geiger meter, which was... off the charts. And he's covered in dust. His trench coat looks worn and torn in some places, and his Kevlar has scorch marks and bullet holes in it. To my surprise, and panic, he turns his head to me, and nods once.

Which paper do I sign?

## Chapter 2 by Seirots



Swallowing my fear, obviously for my life, I moved my legs to the fifth. Honestly I would prefer to go with somebody who appears to have seen combat and lasted more than ten minutes. The needle's constant movement on the Geiger counter drew my gaze away from the slightly ominous figure before me.

"Sup - err," I corrected my fumbling words. Way to make a first impression with really casual speech. "H-Hello, is this where I sign up for...?" A little too late I realized I had no clue what division this guy came from. I suppose it didn't matter, because the fifth man to the left produced a tightly wrapped scroll and fountain pen from the folds of his dust coated trench coat. His face that held a cold stone expression was framed with slightly dusty black hair. He was a good five inches taller than me and was actually the tallest officer there. From above my head his frigid storm gray eyes bore into my very soul and froze my feet to the spot.

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somehow pristine white paper of the scroll was bound with a gold and black cord and sealed with a crimson wax stamp bearing the symbol of a fearsome . Talk about old fashioned.

"Thank you." I said as I brushed my orange braid off my shoulder. He said nothing, and let his Medusa-like stare drift back to mass of aspiring recruits behind me. Coaxing my legs to move once more, I shuffled away to a table that was missing a leg to fill out the form for the...Imperial Guardian Knights? Through reading the rest of the first paragraph on the scroll, which turned out to be about three meters long, I found out more about this division of the Imperial Guard.

They were created as a highly specialized group that handled the most advanced problems and special missions that the Cadian Guard, Armageddon, Anti-Infection Squad, and Mobile Railgun Battalion just couldn't handle. The missions they were deployed on ranged from highly important and tense diplomatic missions to stealthy assassinations to rather laid back and simple fetch requests for a few of the higher officers that required certain things or people. On top of that, the Imperial Guardian Knights were only composed of the best-of-the-best and rarely someone got in that was not an elitist in their field. However there was one occasion where somebody was picked to join them even if they didn't meet their sky high standards.

"Oh god, I don't even stand a chance to get in.." I muttered as I begrudgingly filled in the application form. I had spotted some fine print at the bottom of the page that said 'Once this form is received and opened, the opener cannot accept any applications from other division recruiters.'

Great. Just great!

The first part was pretty easy, it was a run-of-the mill questionnaire.

"What is your full official name?" I read aloud each question to myself as I scratched onto the white paper.

"Charlotte Ruby Freeborne. Okay next; Do you have a nickname that you would like to be called?" I nodded and wrote down what most people called me by.

"Charlie. How old are you and what is your birthday?" This is one I struggled to think of. I haven't celebrated my birthday on day 27 of month 02 on the Imperial calendar for such a long time

that I actually didn't know how old I was. I didn't know how many years after my family was killed in an enemy bombing raid a I didn't know how many years ago that was, so I guessed and wrote down what I thought was the most likely age. I stop thinking about the past already because that's what I want to do.

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"What is your race? Human...From what region do you hail? The Clawill Region." The Clawill region was previously known as North America before it was devastated by combat. There remained battle scars all over the Earth's surface and in between war-zones sat patches of thick, overgrown, and occasionally highly radioactive wilderness. It was known for the beauty of it's scenery at one point and still has wonderfully scenic places to visit.

"What is your gender? Female..."

"What languages can you speak? Well I can speak Noianish, Klien, Patello, Whovian, Lowih, and Trezese." Ever since I was little I was brought up in a diverse crowd, which surprisingly didn't change even after I was all alone. I was partially raised by countless roaming bands of people who spoke all ranges of tongues. As a result I picked up multiple languages and dialects because of that. And that's where the questions got a bit odd.

"Are you a weapons specialist?! Last time I checked, no!" after that was a similarly odd question.

"Can you ride a horse? Yes, I can do that. Can you pilot any war machines?Nope!" That went from 1 to 100 really quick. The next question was a checklist of all things.

"Do you have experience in any of the following: engineering, martial arts, surviving alone in the wild, working in a team of other soldiers, using multiple weapons at once, swordplay, sniping, photography, animal science, medical science, scholarly pursuits, and spying?" I merely shook my head as I checked only a few boxes. I checked engineering, swordplay, and surviving alone in the wild. I used to work at a tank building plant and often stole broken or malfunctioning parts to rebuild into other things. They usually ended up being part of the walls of my little hut nearby the local woods where I lived alone. And in order to fend off any scavengers, I often had to use a sword. Particularly, the short sword strapped to my leg at the moment. The next part had a few short essay questions.

"It's like I'm in the Imperial Children's Academy all over again..." I hadn't been in the Ica, as most people call it, ever since the bombing raid that stole my family from me. Which translates to a long time ago. The paper asked me to write down my talents, preferences on food, pitfalls, likes, dislikes, short history, and if I had any family members that my corpse can be delivered to when I die, among countless other things.

And I was only about halfway done. Sighing in dismay for the long task ahead of me, I laid the pen down on the paper and pulled out my sword. I was going to be there for a while longer.

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About three hours and 20 cups of poor quality coffee later, I finally got to the last question. The rest of the to-be recruits had clustered around the other four recruiters with only two, a boy and a girl who looked to be friends, daring to go near the fifth officer on the left side. He gave them the same cold reception I got. At the moment the duo were sitting next to each other on the opposite wall striking up a conversation while filling out their forms. Every time I turned back to peer at the crowd, I could feel his eyes burning into my back and sending shivers up my spine. Thanks for the unwanted and really creepy attention, man. My tired eyes were focused on the final question.

"Why did you want to sign up for the Imperial Guards, let alone the Imperial Guardian Knights?" I started to scribble my answer to the final question.

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